No rain. (Gabriel)

Title: No rain.
Fandom: Supernatural.
Character: Gabriel.
Rating: G.
Summary: It's raining in a hotel.
Notes: MAJOR spoilers for 5x19. Coda to the episode. AU as well, and I'd pay for something like this to become canon.

There was the sound of wing beats, wetness on his cheeks, and the smell of rain when he woke up.

Everything hurt. *Everything*, even his eyelids as he struggled to open them. But struggle he did, and sunlight illuminated the room he was in. A moment of confusion, and then he closed his eyes again. That hotel room, without the magic maintaining its four star status. Oh, he didn't want to think about it. No, not when there were more important issues at hand, such as the matter of him being alive.

It had been the real sword that time, damn and double damn. He had felt it - nope, wasn't thinking about that. No, no. He was instead standing up.

It hurt to move, hurt to look around, but he was standing and looking himself over. The body was intact, but when he instinctively reached for his Grace, that -

That wasn't right. It wasn't there.

Gabriel closed his eyes and tried again, reaching to his essence. As much as he wasn't for repeated failed attempts, he couldn't stop himself from trying, again and again. His wings were gone, and trace all the Enochian he wanted, the Grace wasn't there. Without Grace Enochian was just an old language, and when he finally opened his eyes again he was shaking.

The only thing he could think of was the feeling of death as the sword ripped into him. But maybe - maybe that hadn't been death. It wasn't like he'd felt death before. Maybe it had been his Grace being burnt out.

Oh, he hoped not. Lucifer would've finished the job, instead of leaving him powerless.

The pain was fading, and he brushed himself off, not thinking about his Grace or Lucifer or the Winchesters. No, what he needed now was to be somewhere else. *Anywhere* else. Anywhere but this hotel with too many memories.

Except that it was raining, a steady pitter-patter on the broken roof. Again he automatically reached for his Grace to provide an umbrella as he prepared to

leave, and again he found that emptiness. So he scowled at the rain and retreated to a dry wall, not looking at the room. He sat, and discovered he'd found the side of the room where the floor had crumbled back into earth.

Gabriel dug his fingers into the dirt that was turning into mud and tilted his head back. There was sunlight through one of the broken windows above him, and he had to laugh, brokenly, at that.

It was just his life, wasn't it? Killed by a brother, after finally learning not to run away. He shuddered, and there was wet on his cheeks. He lifted a hand to touch the wetness, and he closed his eyes.

No rain in here, just a natural reaction.

Gabriel put his face in his hands, and wept.